

Production No. 8F15

The Simpsons

"SEPARATE VOCATIONS"

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"SEPARATE VOCATIONS"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
ADULT BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
YOUNG MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
YOUNG PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
YOUNG SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
STEVE ALLEN VOICE.....STEVE ALLEN
JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
EDDIE.....HARRY SHEARER
LOU.....HANK AZARIA
APU.....HANK AZARIA
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....MARCIA WALLACE
MISS HOOVER.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SHERRI.....RUSSI TAYLOR
JANEY.....PAMELA HAYDEN
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN

GROUNDKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARTIN.....RUSSI TAYLOR
KEARNEY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN
DOLPH.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MR. LARGO.....HARRY SHEARER
MR. FORTE.....HARRY SHEARER
DR. PRYOR.....HARRY SHEARER
MRS. WINFIELD.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
DONNA.....RUSSI TAYLOR
TAMMY.....PAMELA HAYDEN
PROSECUTOR.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MR. MONTONE.....HANK AZARIA
ATTENDANT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
FORMER TEACHER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
TEACHER #1.....JULIE KAVNER
TEACHER #2.....DAN CASTELLANETA
HIPPY TEACHER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SINGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
JAILBIRD.....HANK AZARIA
CHUCK.....PAMELA HAYDEN

SEPARATE VOCATIONS

By

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

BART is fooling around with the paper cutter. The blade is poised over a milk carton from SHERRI'S lunch.

BART

I sentence this milk carton to DEATH!

We SEE Bart has already sliced several items, including a math book, a gym shoe, and a world globe. Bart brings down the blade and slices the carton in half, squirting milk over everything including himself. MRS. KRABAPPEL grabs his hand.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

BART! The paper cutter is not a plaything.

BART

(GROUSING) Aw, geez. The turtle's not a plaything, the flag's not a plaything...

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Quiet. Now, class, I promised you a surprise today...

We SEE quick cuts of excited KIDS imagining what the surprise might be:

MILHOUSE

Wow (picturing in his mind)

A.) An INDIAN wrestling a giant alligator.

SHERRI

(SIGHS) (picturing in her mind)

B.) Happy TROLLS handing out ice cream.

BART

I knew it. (picturing in his mind)

C.) Mrs. Krabappel pulling off her face, revealing she is a moon man.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

...And here it is. We're going to take
a test.

BART

(MOANS)

INT. MISS HOOVER'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MISS HOOVER

We're going to take a test.

LISA

All right! A test!

The other KIDS stare at LISA. She looks embarrassed. MISS HOOVER starts handing out the computer sheets to everyone.

MISS HOOVER

It's called the Career Aptitude
Normalizing Test, or "CANT".

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Some of you may discover a wonderful vocation you never even imagined. Others may find out life isn't fair. (BITTERLY) In spite of your Masters from Bryn-mawr, you might end up a glorified baby-sitter to a bunch of dead-eyed fourth graders while your husband runs naked on a beach with your marriage counselor.

BART

The test be damned. Let's explore your pain.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(COMPOSING HERSELF) First question:

(READS) "If I could be any animal, I would be A) A Carpenter Ant; B) A Nurse Shark; or C) A Lawyer Bird."

The students fill in their answer sheets. Bart makes a sloppy mark in one of the fill-in bars.

INT. MISS HOOVER'S CLASSROOM - LATER

MISS HOOVER

Question sixty: (READS) I prefer the smell of A) Gasoline; B) French Fries; or C) Bank Customers."

The children complete their tests.

JANEY

(TO LISA) Well, that was a waste of
time.

LISA

Janey, school is never a waste of time.

MISS HOOVER

Since we have fifteen minutes until
recess, please put down your pencils
and stare at the front of the room.

AN HOUR LATER

Miss Hoover hands a bundle of answer sheets to a UNIFORMED
COURIER. He puts them in a pouch, spins the combination
lock and rushes out the door.

EXT. IOWA NON-INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A sleek jet has barely rolled to a stop when its cargo
hatch opens. A HANDLER transfers a mailbag marked
"STANDARDIZED TESTS" into a waiting truck, which ZOOMS off.
It passes a sign reading: " WELCOME TO IOWA - THE TESTING
STATE."

EXT. NATIONAL TESTING CENTER - PROCTORVILLE, IOWA

We follow the delivery truck through a grand, intimidating
entrance gate, shaped like a bell curve. It reads:
"National Testing Center. Controlling Your Destiny Since
1925."

INT. NATIONAL TESTING CENTER

A bored WORKER dumps the answer sheets into a big hopper,
which sorts them onto a conveyor belt. We follow them
along the conveyor belt to an ancient-looking computer
labeled "ELECTRONIC BRAIN". It emits puffs of steam from
time to time.

CLOSE-UP

We SEE Lisa's answer sheet go in. The computer "thinks" for a second, with BLINKING LIGHTS and a CHUGGING NOISE, then SPITS out a printout card. We SEE Bart's answer sheet go in. The computer thinks and thinks, then GRINDS to a halt. A wiry old ATTENDANT in a rocking chair, with a BALLGAME PLAYING on the radio, spots the bottleneck.

ATTENDANT

C'mon Emma.

Without getting up, he BANGS on the balky computer with a broom handle. It starts chugging again, and SPITS out an answer.

INT. SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: EIGHT WEEKS LATER

We see QUICK SHOTS of the kids reading their results in DR. J. LOREN PRYOR's office.

DR. PRYOR

Here's your scientifically selected
career --

He hands Janey a slip of paper.

JANEY

Architect.

ON CHUCK

CHUCK

(WITH LISP) Insurance salesman.

ON RALPH

RALPH

Salmon gutter?

ON MILHOUSE

MILHOUSE

(PROUDLY) Military strongman.

ON MARTIN

He closes his eyes and crosses his fingers.

MARTIN

(RAPIDLY) Systems analyst systems
analyst systems analyst...

DR. PRYOR

Systems analyst.

MARTIN

Awriigght!

ON LISA

LISA

Homemaker?!

DR. PRYOR

Hmmm. It's like a Mommy.

ON BART

BART

(SURPRISED) Police officer? Well, I'll
be jiggered.

DR. PRYOR

(CHUCKLING) If you'd like to learn
more I could arrange for you to ride
along in a police car for a night.

BART

Hey, I don't need you to get me in the
back of a police car.

DR. PRYOR

I really think you should consider this. You know, before I saw these test results I had you pegged as a drifter.

BART

Wow, a drifter.

Bart imagines what this would be like.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DREAM CLOUD

We see an ADULT BART shabbily dressed hitchhiking on a dusty road.

ADULT BART

Stupid President, took my job... all against me... big conspiracy...

A car ZOOMS past him kicking up dust.

ADULT BART (CONT'D)

(MUTTERING) All right, you're on my list.

BACK TO SCENE

BART

Cool.

Bart stares dreamily.

DR. PRYOR

Bart?... Bart?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The family is eating dinner. Lisa is upset.

LISA

A homemaker! I might as well be dead!

MARGE

(A LITTLE HURT) Lisa, it's not that bad.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) So what're you gonna be, boy?

BART

(UNHAPPILY) Policeman.

HOMER

(SNORTS, CHOKES)

MARGE

(PROUDLY) That's nice, Bart. You know your father wanted to be a policeman for a little while. But they said he was too heavy.

HOMER

No, the Army said I was too heavy. The police said I was too dumb.

LISA

Well, I'm going to be a famous jazz musician. I've got it all figured out. I'll be unappreciated in my own country, but my gutsy blues stylings will electrify the French. I'll avoid the horrors of drug abuse, but I do plan to have several torrid love affairs. And I may or may not die young, I haven't decided.

MARGE

Honey, if that's what you want, we'll do anything we can to help.

LISA

Well, you could give me private lessons.

MARGE

All right.

HOMER

Wait a minute. Isn't anybody going to follow in my footsteps?

SILENCE, followed by QUIET CREAKS of the house settling.

INT. LI'L LUDWIG'S MUSIC STUDIO - NEXT DAY

We see a caricature of the familiar Beethoven's head on a baby body wearing a diaper and holding a conductor's baton. There are big musical notes on the wall and busts of composers. A goateed MUSIC TEACHER greets Lisa and MARGE.

LISA

Can you tell me if I have what it takes
to be a blues musician?

FORTE

Sure can. Show me your chops.

Lisa PLAYS a short, fairly simple piece on her saxophone.

FORTE (CONT'D)

(LISTENING) Uh huh... Uh huh.

He smiles pleasantly and taps his foot to the music. She
finishes with an expectant look.

FORTE (CONT'D)

Cool.

MARGE

Hmmm. So you think she has talent?

FORTE

Sure.

MARGE

Do you think she could be a
professional some day?

FORTE

Oh, Lord no.

LISA

(SHOCKED) But I'll practice every day!

FORTE

I'll be frank with you, Lisa. And when
I say frank, I mean, you know,
devastating. (HOLDING UP LISA'S HAND)
You've inherited a finger condition
known as "stubbusiness". It usually
comes from the father's side.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

HOMER struggles, MUTTERING, to keep his grip on a can of
beer, but his stubby fingers slip off. The can falls on
the floor and spills.

HOMER

Stupid fingers.

BACK TO SCENE

LISA

(UPSET) You're wrong, you're wrong!
You don't need long fingers to play the
blues. The blues come from in here!

Lisa points to her heart, then notices her fingers.

LISA (CONT'D)

My God, they are stubby.

MARGE

Oh, honey...

FORTE

(SYMPATHETIC) Hey, I'm very sorry.
(LOOKS AT WATCH) But now, you'll have
to excuse me... I gotta lesson.

A TINY BLACK GIRL of about four with sunglasses like Ray Charles' enters with her MOTHER. She needs to stand on a telephone book to reach the mouthpiece of her saxophone. She PLAYS a very difficult solo with fluid grace.

FORTE (CONT'D)

(UNIMPRESSED) Come on, now, Coral.

Quit messing around.

The girl continues to play. Lisa looks devastated.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Officers EDDIE and LOU are picking up Bart for the ride-along. Bart points at Lou's belt.

BART

Wow! Can I see your club?

LOU

It's called a baton, son.

BART

Oh, what's it for?

LOU

We club people with it.

INT. WINFIELD RESIDENCE

Through her curtains, MRS. WINFIELD sees the cop car parked in front of the Simpsons' house. The cops help Bart into the back seat.

MRS. WINFIELD

Well, it's about time.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Bart rides in the back seat as the cops cruise the streets.

BART

So, you guys like being cops?

LOU

Oh it's great. You get to run red
lights... Park wherever you please...
Hot and cold running chicks...

EDDIE

And when you go home at night, you know
you've made a difference.

LOU

Hey Bart, you see that Caddy over
there?

BART

Huh-huh.

A car has a vanity plate: I RULE U. It's parked at the
"Who's To Know" Motel. The logo is a winking owl.

LOU (CONT'D)

That's Mayor Quimby's car. Tonight
Hizzoner is "polling the electorate".

INT. "WHO'S TO KNOW" MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

We see QUIMBY drinking champagne with an attractive WOMAN.

QUIMBY

How would you like a street named after
you?

BACK TO SCENE

BART

(LOW ADMIRING WHISTLE)

They pass SIDESHOW MEL rollerblading along with his Afghan
hound.

EDDIE

(SHAKING HEAD) I tell ya, they only
come out at night.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - LATER

Lisa is sadly writing in her diary.

LISA

(WRITING) Dear Log... This will be my
last entry. For you were a journal of
my hopes and dreams, and now I have
none.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Bart and the cops are stopped at a red light. In the B.G.
is the QUIK-E-MART: the JAILBIRD from "The War of the
Simpsons" points a shotgun at APU. Apu raises his hands.
The light changes. We stay with the squad car as it drives
off, oblivious.

BART

Do you need straight A's to be a cop?

Eddie and Lou bust out LAUGHING.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, fellas, let's go shoot some bad
guys.

LOU

(CHUCKLES) Well, it doesn't quite work
that way, son.

EDDIE

People see movies like "McBain" and
they think it's all bang-bang, shoot-
em-up, cops-n-robbers.

Just then a muscle car ZOOMS by.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Let's roll!

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The cops take off in pursuit, SIREN WAILING.

EDDIE

(INTO MIKE) One ocean tango... We are
in pursuit of a speeding individual,
driving a red... (SQUINTS) ...car.
License number... (SQUINTS)

EDDIE'S POV

The license plate reads: "EX CON".

EDDIE (V.O.)

Eggplant-Xerxes-Crybaby-Overbite-
Narwhal.

INT. FLEEING CAR

The Jailbird is driving. On the seat beside him is an open
cash register with money in it. Next to it is a box
labelled "Lottery Tickets".

JAILBIRD

Ohhh, nooo. Copppppss.

He floors the surfer-foot gas pedal.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KWIK-E-MART - CONTINUOUS

Apu is tied up to a chair behind the counter.

APU

(PLEASED, TO SELF) Ooh, they used nylon rope this time. It feels so smooth against my skin. Almost sensuous.

EXT. STREET

A high speed chase ensues, scored with thrilling STARKY AND HUTCH-STYLE MUSIC. The two cars fly over a ravine and SQUEAL around corners on two wheels. They fly over several San Francisco-type hills. Bart, wearing a lap seatbelt, bounces around in the back seat.

BART

Oh, BABY!

Another car, SWERVING to avoid the chase, FLOWS INTO the side of a tanker truck labelled "MILK". The milk truck EXPLODES in a huge fireball.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT

The chase continues past some loading docks. In true cop-show fashion, the cars keep CRASHING through piles of empty cardboard boxes.

EDDIE

Damn boxes!

Finally, the jailbird swerves into an --

EXT. OUTDOOR PARKING LOT

And turns off his engine. The cops block the entrance with their car.

EDDIE

He's trapped.

Tension runs high as the cops get out of the car. They glance around uneasily.

LOU

Where's our backup?

EDDIE

(AGITATED) I don't know. Son, this is
against every regulation, but would you
cover us?

He hands Bart a .38.

BART

Woww!

Warily, they leave to look for the convict.

NEAR THE ENTRANCE

Suddenly, the jailbird's car **ROARS** to life, surprisingly
near, and **PEELS OUT**, heading straight for Bart.

JAILBIRD

(LAUGHING) See ya in hell, punk.

A terrified Bart starts **FIRING** desperately at the car,
missing every time and hitting the dirt, a flower pot,
everything else, until he runs out of ammo. The gun
CLICKS. Bart is trapped in the alley. There is nowhere to
run. He barely has a chance to **SCREAM**, as the car hurtles
toward him at top speed. It's an inch from hitting him
when we --

FREEZE FRAME

On Bart's frightened face looking over the hood of the car.

SUPER: TO BE CONTINUED!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

We again see the car bearing down on Bart. However, the alley is much narrower than it was before the act break, and the car GRINDS to a halt with a loud CRUNCH. The jailbird BANGS his head on the wheel.

JAILBIRD

(PAINED GROAN)

A millimeter from certain death, Bart slowly opens his eyes. Eddie and Lou run over to the car and hold guns on the jailbird.

EDDIE

Man, that was close!

LOU

Good thing this alley got so narrow in
the middle.

Several squad cars SCREECH UP. CHIEF WIGGUM hops out of one.

WIGGUM

(TO EDDIE AND LOU) That's nice work,
boys.

Wiggum takes the stolen lottery tickets out of the Jailbird's car.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

(TO JAILBIRD) Looks like you just
bought yourself a lottery ticket... to
jail.

LOU

He's unconscious, sir.

WIGGUM

(COVERING) They can still hear things!

BART

(TO WIGGUM) Sir, I know what I wanna
be when I grow up. (PROUDLY) A cop!

WIGGUM

Well, until then, son, I'm gonna make
you an honorary police officer...
Eddie, give him your badge.

EDDIE

Hey!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Marge is preparing a big breakfast. Lisa enters, looking
sullen.

MARGE

Morning, honey.

LISA

(MUMBLES SOURLY)

MARGE

Lisa, I know you're down on homemaking,
but it can really let you be creative.
See, this morning I turned bacon, eggs
and toast into a nice smiley face for
Bart and Homer.

Marge displays two plates. The eggs are the eyes, bacon
the mouth, and the toast, sliced diagonally, forms the
ears.

LISA

What's the point? They'll never
notice.

MARGE

Oh well, you'd be surprised.

Marge takes two plates to the table. No sooner do they hit
the table than Homer and Bart immediately wolf down the
food without looking at it.

SFX: CHOMPING NOISES

Lisa looks up at an embarrassed Marge.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(MURMURS)

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BAND ROOM - AFTERNOON

MR. LARGO is leading the band through a shaky version of a
SOUSA MARCH.

LARGO

All right, people. C'mon now, big
finish!

Lisa enters as the **SONG FINISHES** with a Portsmouth
Symphonia **WHEEZE.**

LARGO (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) Okay. (TURNS TO LISA)
Simpson, where's your saxophone?

LISA

I gave it away.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - DAY

OTTO is standing in front of the schoolbus with the hood
open. He has the mouthpiece stuck in the engine and pours
oil in the big end.

OTTO

Gnarly funnel, man.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LISA

Mr. Largo, I'll never play the
saxophone again.

LARGO

Oh, Lisa, I beg you to reconsider.

LISA

(BRIGHTENING) You think I'm that good?

LARGO

Well, no. But you really knew how to
peddle the band candy.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart, wearing his police badge, is playing with a toy
fingerprint kit.

BART

Now, just relax your hand.

Bart presses Maggie's hand to an ink pad, then gets her
handprint on a fingerprint card.

BART (CONT'D)

Thank you, Ma'am. You've been most
cooperative.

Maggie crawls off, leaving a cute trail of handprints.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Marge stands in front of a chocolate cake that has been
viciously mauled. Marge glowers at SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER.

MARGE

Bad dog! Very bad dog.

Bart enters wearing his badge.

BART

Mom, before you blame the dog, I think
you should take a look at these
surveillance photos.

Bart hands Marge a series of black and white photos that
show Homer violently devouring the cake on all fours like a
dog. Marge comes across a photo of Bart taking a picture
of his butt in the mirror.

MARGE

Oh... Oh... Oh, Bart.

BART

Uh, I don't know how that got in there.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa is sprawled on the carpet, reading comic books and
eating junk food. Marge looks in.

MARGE

(WORRIED) I got a note from school
today. Did you really drop out of the
band?

LISA

(NOT LOOKING UP) Yup.

MARGE

Uh, honey, right now you're
discouraged. But deep down, you know
you love the saxophone. I think you
should stay in the band.

LISA

(SARCASTIC) If you think it's so great, why don't you join the band?

MARGE

Lisa, there are a lot of people in the world who like to tell you what you can't do. But they don't always know what they're talking about.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - MARGE'S GIRLHOOD BEDROOM - 1965

A YOUNG MARGE has built a makeshift Gemini spaceship out of a cardboard box. She has an oatmeal box on her head with a space cut out for her face. A Gemini rocket poster is on the wall. A YOUNG PATTY and a YOUNG SELMA enter.

YOUNG MARGE

You know what I want to be when I grow up?

YOUNG PATTY

The girl on the oatmeal box?

Patty and Selma CHUCKLE.

YOUNG MARGE

No, I'm going to be an astronaut.

YOUNG SELMA

Women can't be astronauts.

YOUNG MARGE

Why not?

YOUNG PATTY

They'd distract the men astronauts so
they wouldn't keep their minds on the
road.

YOUNG MARGE

There will too be women astronauts!

Patty and Selma CHUCKLE.

YOUNG MARGE (CONT'D)

It's true! And we'll all live in
cities on the moon.

DISSOLVE BACK:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

So you see, my sisters were wrong.

(FLUSTERED) Except about the cities on
the moon. I was wrong about that.

So... well, you can see how anyone can
be wrong.

LISA

(DISCONTENTED MURMUR)

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

A discouraged Lisa walks past the school mascot, a life-
size statue of a puma. Above it is a sign: "PUMA PRIDE --
WOW!!" She rolls her eyes. Her pal JANEY joins her.

JANEY

Hi Lis, want to quiz me on the vowels?

LISA

Janey, I'm about ready to chuck the
whole stinking alphabet.

JANEY

Huh?

Lisa stops by the door to a girls' bathroom. We hear
trashy ROCK MUSIC. Someone has scrawled "STAY THE HELL
OUT" on it. Lisa opens the door a crack -- smoke drifts
out.

JANEY (CONT'D)

(ALARMED) Lisa, what are you doing?
That's the bad girl bathroom.

LISA

(SARCASTIC) A doy.

Lisa goes in.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - TOUGH GIRLS' BATHROOM - CONT.

Inside are a couple of tough fifth graders, DONNA and
TAMMY. They perch on the sinks, smoking and reading
Cosmopolitan. Several cartons of eggs are nearby.

DONNA

You wanna egg Skinner's car?

TAMMY

Nah, he put a special coating on it.
The eggs just bead up and slide right
off.

DONNA

Oh. (THEN) Wanna egg his house?

TAMMY

Okay.

DONNA

(SEES LISA) What're you lookin' at?

LISA

(SCARED) Nothing.

TAMMY

Then get out, 'cause we're figuring out
stuff to egg.

They start to shove Lisa toward the door.

LISA

Okay, but if you really want to honk
Skinner off, I suggest you attack the
one thing he truly believes in.

Intrigued, the girls stop shoving Lisa.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - NEXT MORNING

The school puma has been vandalized with eggs, toilet
paper, multi-colored silly string, etc. It looks like a
woolly mammoth. Skinner shakes his head sadly.

SKINNER

I saw some awful things in 'Nam, but
you really have to wonder at the
mentality that would desecrate a
helpless puma. (FRUSTRATED) I never
thought I'd say this, but the no-
goodniks rule this school!

From outside, we hear Groundskeeper Willy's MUFFLED CRIES.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) God, I could really use a
half-day.

Skinner runs out.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - SCHOOLYARD - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and Lou are struggling to cuff an irate GROUNDSKEEPER
WILLY.

WILLY

Think you're big men with your
handcuffs and blasted tasers!

BART

(DISMISSIVE HEAD GESTURE) Get him
outta here.

The cops hustle Willy away.

WILLY

I'll get you Bart Simpson, if it's the
last thing I do!

Skinner enters.

SKINNER

(EXASPERATED) Now what is this all
about?

BART

Well, it's quite simple, really. I
observed our friend Groundskeeper Willy
burning leaves with a blatant disregard
for our clean air laws.

SKINNER

Has the world gone topsy-turvy? Bart
Simpson on the side of law and order?

BART

That's right, man. I got my first
taste of authority... (RELISHING) And
I liked it.

Skinner thoughtfully puts his hand to his chin.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - SKINNER'S OFFICE - LATER

SKINNER

Bart, there are a lot of troublemakers
in this school... and Lord knows I
can't be everywhere at once.

BART

Go on.

SKINNER

Look, let's can the euphemisms. No
more bullspit. How would you like to
be a hall monitor?

BART

Wouldn't that mean squealing on other
kids?

SKINNER

That's the meat of it, yes.

BART

Hmm.

BART'S FANTASY:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

PROSECUTOR

Now, Witness X, will you please tell
the court what you saw?

Bart is on the witness stand, wearing a black disguise hood
that conforms a little too well to his spiky head.

SUPER: "VOICE DISGUISED TO SOUND LIKE STEVE ALLEN"

STEVE ALLEN VOICE

I'd be more than happy to. I saw Mr.
Montone there (POINTS HIM OUT) seal the
late Mr. Palacio in an oil drum and
roll him off the pier.

Suddenly MR. MONTONE breaks free from the defense table and
lunges for Bart.

MR. MONTONE

I keel you!!

He stabs Bart again and again.

STEVE ALLEN VOICE

Aye carumba!

BACK TO SCENE

BART

It's tempting... but I don't know.

SKINNER

(ENTICING) Oooh, now, you get to wear
a sash...

Skinner holds up a sash labelled "HALL MONITOR". Bart's
eyes widen.

BART

(GASPS) You've got yourself a narc.

They shake hands.

MONTAGE:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - BETWEEN CLASSES

A) Bart walks the halls wearing the sash and mirrored sunglasses. He speaks through a kid's plastic bullhorn.

BART

(CALLING TO PASSING KIDS) Hey, Jimbo,

keepin' your nose clean, dude?

Attaboy! Hey, Donna, who loves ya,

baby?

Behind Bart a KID ZOOMS by on a skateboard. Without looking, Bart sticks his leg out and stops the skateboard with his foot. The kid goes flying. Bart smoothly flips the skateboard up with his foot and sticks it under his arm.

BART (CONT'D)

(TO KID) Not in my hall, bub.

B) Bart passes a drinking fountain with a line of KIDS behind it. A LITTLE GIRL is drinking a lot of water.

BART (CONT'D)

I think you've had enough, sister.

C'mon, let's keep it moving.

Bart ushers her along. The next KID steps up and starts to take a drink.

C) A CROWD of children has gathered in the hall. In the middle, DOLPH and KEARNY hold Milhouse's arms down while JIMBO SLAPS his palms on Milhouse's bare belly.

JIMBO/KEARNY/DOLPH

(CHANTING) Pink belly! Pink belly!

Pink belly!

Bart pushes his way through the crowd.

BART

Allright, break it up, boys. That
belly ain't gonna get any pinker.

KEARNY

Okay. (BEAT) Wedgie!

Kearny abruptly pulls Milhouse's underwear up.

MILHOUSE

Oh!

Dolph, Kearny and Jimbo exit, LAUGHING.

MILHOUSE (CONT'D)

(IN PAIN, BUT SINCERE) Thanks, Bart.

Milhouse walks away with an awkward gait.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Homer and Marge are in bed. Marge is looking over Bart's
and Lisa's report cards.

MARGE

Bart's grades are up a little this
term. But Lisa's are way down.

HOMER

(MOANS) We always have one good kid
and one lousy kid. Why can't both our
kids be good?

MARGE

We have three kids, Homer.

HOMER

(ROLLS EYES INDULGENTLY) Maaarge...
The dog doesn't count as a kid.

MARGE

No, Maggie!

HOMER

Oh yeah.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - MISS HOOVER'S ROOM - DAY

Lisa is slumped in her chair. WIDEN to show the other kids all have paste, scissors and paper on their desks.

MISS HOOVER

Now, take some paste and spread it on
the construction paper. Ralph, are you
eating your paste?

ON RALPH

He has white paste around his mouth and a paste applicator sticking out.

RALPH

(STICKY MOUTH) No, Miss Hoover.

BACK TO SCENE

MISS HOOVER

Good. Now, sprinkle your sparkles on
your paste. (NOTICING) Lisa, you're
not sprinkling your sparkles.

LISA

Don't feel like it.

MISS HOOVER

You "don't feel like it"? (FIRMLY)
Lisa, you do as I say.

LISA

Shove it.

MISS HOOVER

(GASPS)

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - PRINCIPAL SKINNER'S OFFICE

Lisa, a cool customer, checks out her fingernails. She has a toothpick in her mouth. Skinner is examining her file.

SKINNER

Lisa, I have never seen a good student
take such a slide. What are you
rebellling against?

LISA

(DEFIANT) Whattaya got?

We hear 1950's "WILD ONE" "BLACKBOARD JUNGLE" "REBEL
WITHOUT A CAUSE"-style MUSIC.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - MORNING

Donna is putting on black nail polish. Tammy is teasing her hair. Both have cigarettes going.

DONNA

(RAPIDLY) And she goes, "Lisa told Hoover to shove it" and I'm like, "No way!" And she's like, "Fraid so," and I'm all, "Whocah!", and she's like...

Lisa enters.

TAMMY

Hey, Lisa, man. I'm like, so impressed. When I was in second grade, I was all (YOUNGER VOICE) "Hi, there, I'm so good." Want a smoke?

She offers her a pack of Laramie Jrs. We see the LARAMIE BOY: a kid in a cowboy hat riding a horse and smoking a cigarette. Lisa is about to take one, then decides against it.

LISA

Nah, I better not.

TAMMY

(SARCASTIC) Oh, like I'm getting cancer.

She pretends to keel over, then LAUGHINGLY exhales a big smoke cloud.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

A happy Skinner walks down the hallway with Bart.

SKINNER

Bart, you're doing a bang-up job. You know, before there were some corridors of this school you'd just never go down. Now I feel safe anywhere.

BART

Every day is a new fight, sir.

Skinner tousles Bart's hair.

SKINNER

(PROUDLY) Bart, the school is a police state. Students are afraid to sneeze. And I have you to thank. Come with me.

Skinner unlocks a door labeled "Seized Property Room".

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - SEIZED PROPERTY ROOM

Skinner lets Bart into a storage room enclosed in chain-link fencing, like a police evidence room. It's a kid's dream -- a treasure trove of contraband goodies. We see girly magazines, teacher caricatures, banned t-shirts, firecrackers, laff bags, spray paint cans, switchblades, nunchuks, etc. Some items are in plastic bags with tags that say "EVIDENCE."

BART

(AWED) Madre de Dios! The legends were true!

SKINNER

Yes Bart, whenever a teacher
confiscates something it ends up here.

(POINTS) Salacious halter-tops,
complete collections of Mad, Cracked
and the occasional issue of Crazy, and
this fake plastic derriere.

Skinner holds up a large plastic butt with two red lip
prints on the back.

BART

(LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY)

SKINNER

Now, to show my gratitude, I want you
to help yourself to an item of your
choice.

BART

All-riight!

Skinner winces as Bart selects a crossbow.

SKINNER

Ooo, now, you be careful with that
crossbow.

BART

(SINCERE) I will.

MONTAGE

In a stylized montage a la "Cotton Club", we see a series
of busts interspersed with silhouettes of Bart and Skinner
shaking hands, LAUGHING and toasting each other with milk
cartons.

A.) SANDBOX

NELSON

You got the cash?

BART

You got the stench bombs?

Nelson starts to hand Bart the bombs. Skinner rises out of the sand like a zombie and grabs Nelson.

SKINNER

Busted!

B.) INT. GIRLS BATHROOM

The bad girls are smoking. Suddenly Bart kicks down the door.

BART

Hall monitor. Nobody move.

The girls jump out the bathroom window.

EXT. GIRLS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Skinner is outside the window, coolly waiting for them.

SKINNER

Going somewhere?

He plucks the cigarettes out of their mouths and leads them off.

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart goes to the window and gives Skinner a "high" sign. Behind Bart, a scared Lisa emerges from a stall, and sneaks out the door.

C.) INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE

Skinner is welcoming back a former TEACHER.

FORMER TEACHER

(EMOTIONAL) This is a great day for me.

I thought I could never teach again.

[RECORD THE FOLLOWING BOTH WAYS FOR CENSOR]

SKINNER (1)

Things have changed. There will be no
mockery of your name, Mr. Glasscock.

D.) INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Jimbo, Kearney and Dolph sit in the lunch room with their
backs to Milhouse who is seated a few tables away.

MILHOUSE

Hey Lewis, watch this.

Milhouse blows the wrapper off a straw. It hits Kearney in
the head.

KEARNEY

Ow! Bart, do something.

BART

Let's go, Milhouse.

He drags Milhouse off.

MILHOUSE

Sure, we have order. But at what
price!

INT. MISS HOOVER'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Lisa is absently drawing on the desktop.

MISS HOOVER

Now let's correct our homework
exercises. Lisa, what nineteenth
century figure was nicknamed "Old
Hickory"?

LISA

(BITTER) I don't know. You?

The class GIGGLES.

MISS HOOVER

Lisa, if you'd bothered to do the
assignment you'd know the answer is...

CLOSE UP - TEACHER'S EDITION

She flips to a page labelled "ANSWER KEY".

BACK TO SCENE

MISS HOOVER (CONT'D)

Andrew Jackson.

LISA

Well, you're earning your eighteen
grand a year.

The class GIGGLES again. Miss Hoover looks very mad.

INT. MISS HOOVER'S CLASSROOM - 4:00 P.M.

An unhappy Lisa is clapping erasers out the window. The
chalk dust makes her COUGH.

LISA

(GRUMBLING TO SELF) Stupid Hoover...
thinks she's so smart. (ETC.)

She sees the teacher's edition Miss Hoover was using
earlier.

LISA (CONT'D)

She wouldn't be so smart without her
(MOCKING) Teacher's edition.

With an evil gleam, Lisa closes the book and stuffs it in
her backpack.

We see QUICK SHOTS of Lisa in other classrooms, swiping
more teacher's editions, and stashing them in her bookbag.
Finally she puts a big stack in her locker and SLAMS the
door.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - NEXT MORNING

Frantic TEACHERS are pacing about, smoking, wringing their hands, and GRUMBLING.

SKINNER

(GRAVELY) Ladies and gentlemen, the unthinkable has happened. Some sick, twisted individual has stolen every teacher's edition in this school.

TEACHER #1

(WILD-EYED) What'll we do?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Declare a snowday!

TEACHER #2

Does anyone know the multiplication table?

SKINNER

Please, please, don't panic! (PEERING NERVOUSLY THROUGH BLINDS AT KIDS) They can smell fear.

MONTAGE

Teachers try to bluff their way through classes.

A.) A nervous Mrs. Krabappel addresses her class.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Children, I know this is highly irregular, but for the rest of the day Martin will be teaching this class.

MARTIN

I will? But I wouldn't know where to begin.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(STERN) Just do it, Brainiac.

B.) A PONYTAILED TEACHER sits cross-legged on his desk.

HIPPIE TEACHER

Have I ever told you kids about the sixties?

C.) Miss Hoover is besieged by a mob of students waving homework papers. She has a panic attack.

MISS HOOVER

I've... got... to get... out... of... here!

She rushes outside and begins CHANTING a relaxation phrase.

MISS HOOVER (CONT'D)

Calm blue ocean Calm blue ocean Calm blue ocean Calm blue ocean.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE

A frazzled Mr. Glasscock approaches Skinner.

FORMER TEACHER

I'm leaving the profession again.

SKINNER

Oh, Mr. Glasscock, please reconsider.

FORMER TEACHER

Hunh-uh.

He exits.

SFX: TOILET FLUSHING

Bart walks out of Skinner's private bathroom, drying his hands with a paper towel, **WHISTLING**.

SKINNER

Bart, the police haven't had any luck.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD

Wiggum holds a pack of bloodhounds on a leash. The hounds are **BARKING** wildly.

WIGGUM

The dogs have picked up the scent of books.

PULL BACK to reveal they are **BARKING** at the public library.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Send in the battering ram.

Eddie drives a tank with a battering ram on the front, up the library steps.

EDDIE

Here we go!

BACK TO SCENE

SKINNER

(**PICKING UP PHONE**) We're going to have to re-order every book.

Bart calmly presses the disconnect button on the phone.

BART

Seymour, I'll bet you a steak dinner those books are still here. All we have to do is search every locker.

SKINNER

Oh, Bart, I'm not sure random locker searches are permitted by the Supreme Court...

BART

Pfft, Supreme Court. What have they done for us lately?

SKINNER

I don't know...

Teacher #2 comes running in.

TEACHER #2

(PANICKY) Quick, what's the capital of Kansas?

SKINNER

Let's move.

Skinner tosses Bart a ring of keys and takes one for himself.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - DAY

Over DRAMATIC MUSIC we see SEVERAL SHOTS of Bart and Skinner searching lockers -- shot at various camera angles, etc. Bart opens one locker and pulls out big bundles of cash. He shrugs and tosses it back in. Skinner opens a locker and sees a large stuffed panda bear.

SKINNER

Hmm...

Skinner RIPS OFF the head and sees nothing.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Bah.

He throws it away and keeps searching.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa walks up to her locker. She looks up the hall and sees Bart opening a locker and tossing stuff out. Lisa looks around the corner and sees Skinner also checking lockers and coming towards her.

LISA

(SCARED NOISE)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Bart opens a locker. A disheveled Martin is hanging on a hook inside.

BART

Martin! Who did this to you?

MARTIN

There were about thirty of 'em. They
were mad I gave them a pop quiz.

Bart rolls his eyes and moves on. He opens another locker and is stunned to see a stack of teacher's editions. Bart GASPS. He pulls some out. The rest of the textbooks fall on the floor, revealing a picture of the Simpsons.

BART

(GASPS) Lisa.

LISA (O.S.)

That's right. It was I.

Bart shuts the door revealing Lisa. He is shocked.

BART

Lis, why did you do it?

LISA

Come on, Bart. In your pre-Fascist
days, you knew the giddy thrill of
futile rebellion.

BART

Yeah, but even I had my limits. If you're mad, plug up a toilet, organize a pencil drop... You're looking at expulsion for this.

LISA

I know. I know.

Lisa starts SOBBING.

CLOSE UP - BART

He looks at her, worried.

BACK TO SCENE

Bart looks at Lisa. Suddenly Skinner comes around the corner.

SKINNER

(GASPS) The books!

Skinner falls to his knees and runs his fingers through the books.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Oh, answers! Answers! (TO BART)

Simpson, you just saved the school one hundred and twenty dollars. (ANGRY)

Who's behind this monstrous crime?

Bart looks at Lisa for a beat.

BART

I am.

SKINNER/LISA

(GASP)

Skinner's and Lisa's jaws drop.

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - LATER

Skinner is there with Bart and Lisa.

SKINNER

I've been so blind. In retrospect, the signs all pointed to a rogue hall monitor.

BART

(COCKY) Sorry if I betrayed your trust, Principal Sucker.

SKINNER

Doh.

LISA

(GUILTILY) I can't let you do this, Bart. Principal Skinner, I took the books.

SKINNER

Oh, Lisa, this is the kind of selflessness I could expect from you. Your brother should take a lesson. (SIGHS) (FACING UNPLEASANT TASK) Now Bart, in light of your recent service to the school, I've decided to be lenient. Four hundred days detention.

BART

(COCKY) Four hundred days. I can do that standing on my head.

SKINNER

All right, five hundred days.

BART

Oooh, big man.

SKINNER

Six hundred days.

BART

(DEFIANT) Maybe I'll just shut my big
mouth.

The new hall monitor, Milhouse, wearing the sash, claps his
hand on Bart's shoulder.

MILHOUSE

Let's go, Simpson.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Milhouse is leading Bart to detention. Lisa follows.

LISA

Bart, why did you take the blame?

BART

'Cause I didn't want you to wreck your
life. You got the brains and the
talent to go as far as you want, no
matter what anyone says. And when you
do, I'll be right there to borrow
money.

LISA

(MOVED) Oh, Bart.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The clock is slowly TICKING. Bart sits DRUMMING his fingers on the desk. Suddenly he hears SOFT SAXOPHONE MUSIC. Lisa appears at the window, reunited with her saxophone. She plays an original song for Bart.

BART

Soundin' good, Lis!

FADE OUT.

THE END